TRIP TO FLORIDA

December 1930

DATE

FAMILY NAME _____ GIVEN NAME _____

SECTION _____ ROOM _____

| | MON. | RM. | TUES. | RM. | WED. | RM. | THURS. | RM. | FRI. | RM. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | | | | | | | | | | |
| 2 | | | | | | | | | | |
| 3 | | | | | | | | | | |
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| 11 | | | | | | | | | | |
| 12 | | | | | | | | | | |

## INSTRUCTIONS

USE THIS FORM FOR OFFICIAL PROGRAM. SHOW TO OFFICIAL TEACHER ON REQUEST AT ALL TIMES. ALL MARKINGS MUST BE MADE IN INK.

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LOOSE LEAF

STUDENT'S NOTE BOOK

No. 1268 BINDER ONLY

No. 1268 X WITH FILLER

MANUFACTURED BY

S. E. & M. VERNON, INC.

NEW YORK

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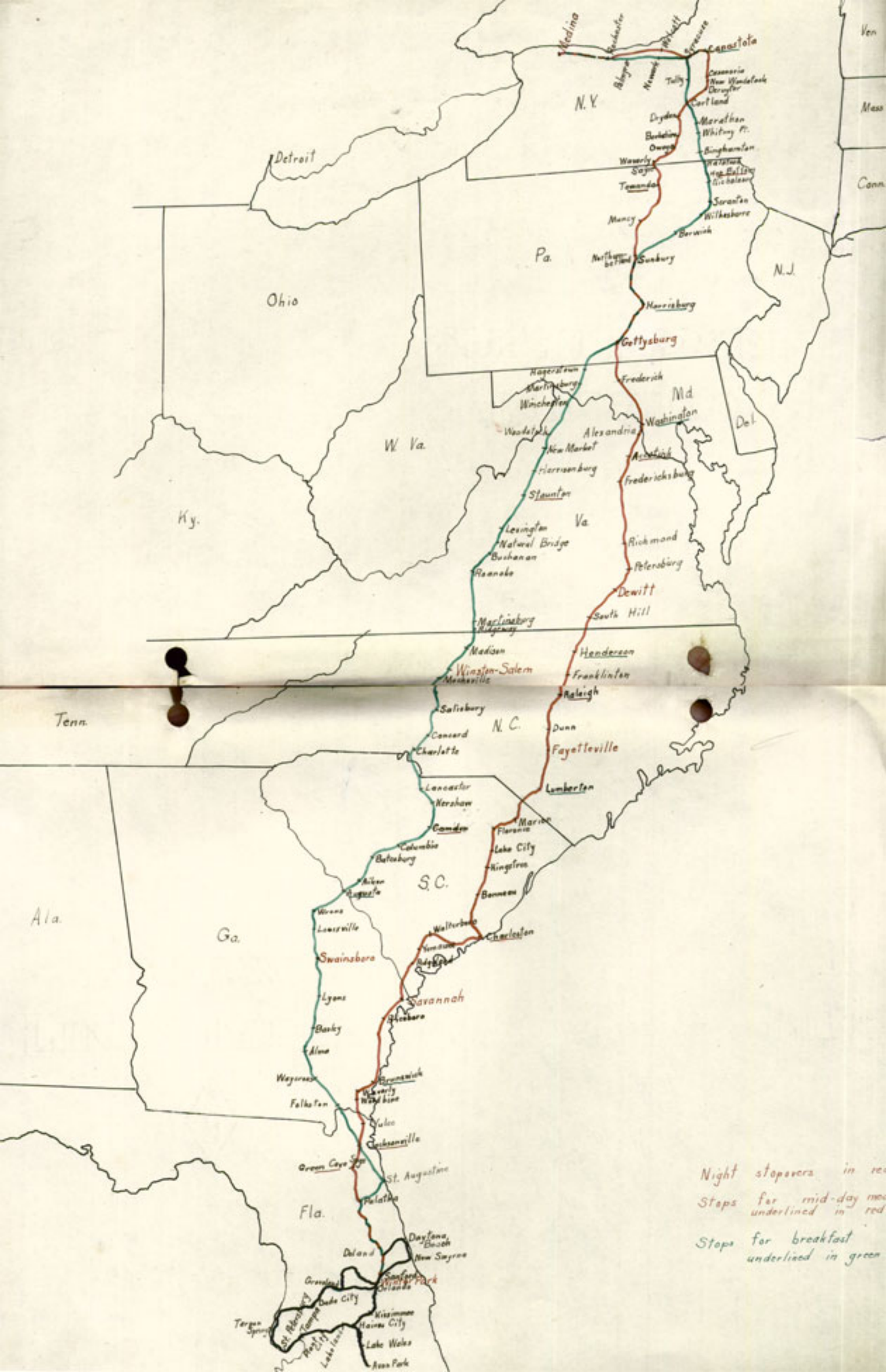


Night stopovers in red

Stops for mid-day meal underlined in red

Stops for breakfast underlined in green

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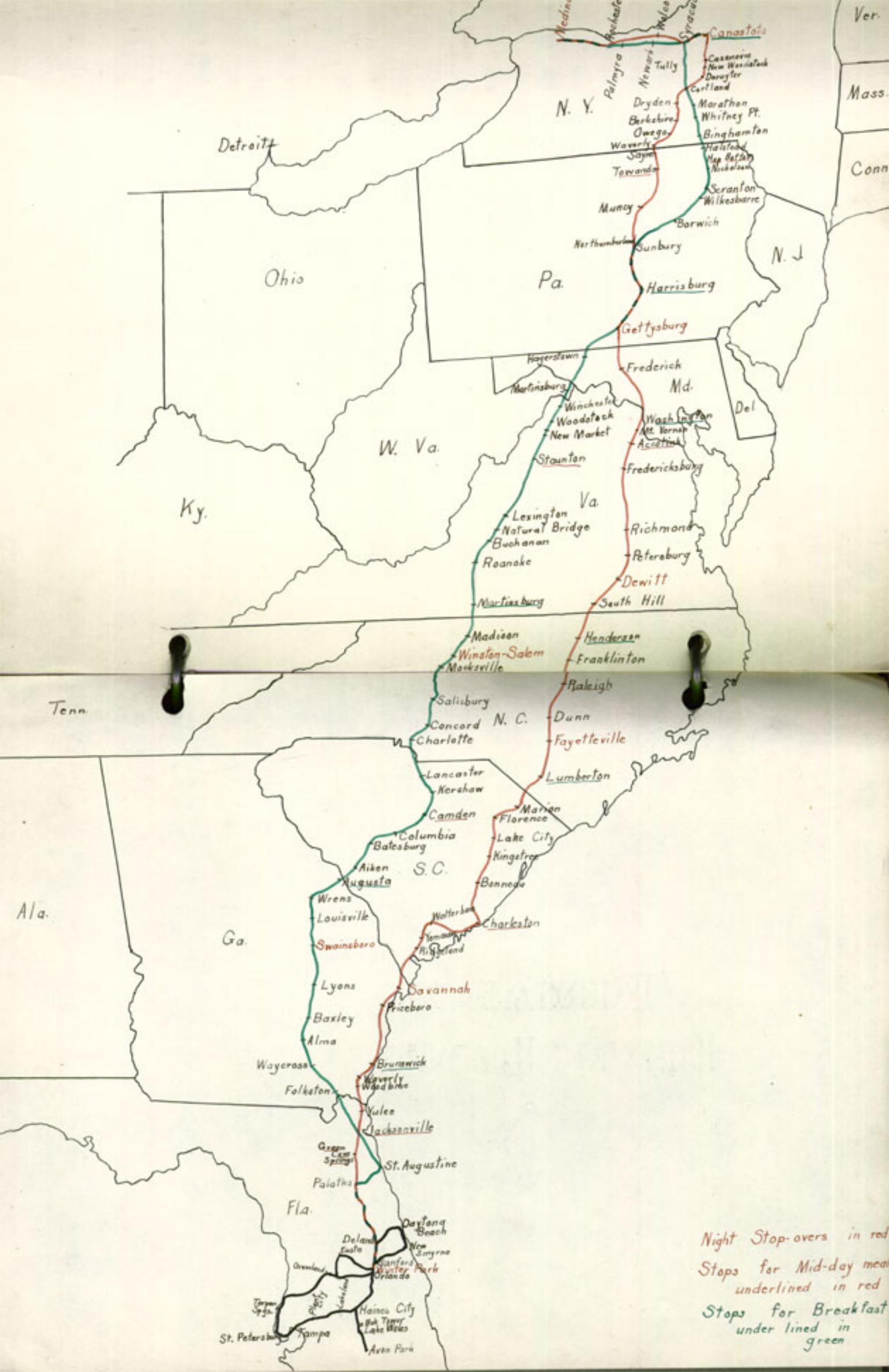



Night Stop-overs in red

Stops for Mid-day meal underlined in red

Stops for Breakfast under lined in green

## MILEAGE RECORD

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Thursday, Dec. 18, 1930 | Medina to Whitelaw | 175 |
| Friday, Dec. 19 | Whitelaw to Gettysburg, Pa. | 316 |
| Saturday, December 20 | Gettysburg to Dewitt, Va. | 256 |
| Sunday, December 21 | Dewitt, Va. to Fayetteville,N.C | 188 |
| Monday, December 22 | Fayetteville to Savannah, Ga. | 352 |
| Tuesday, December 23 | Savannah to Winter Park, Fla. | 329 |
| | TOTAL - Down | 1616 miles |

### IN FLORIDA

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Wednesday, December 24 | Oviedo, Orlando | 47 |
| Thursday, December 25 | Winter Park, Orlando | 30 |
| Friday, December 26 | Mt.Dora-Tavares-"Howey in Hills | 91 |
| Saturday, December 27 | Bartow - Lake Wales -Avon Park | 221 |
| Sunday, December 28 | Daytona Beach | 155 |
| Monday, December 29 | Tampa - St. Petersburg | 327 |
| Tuesday, December 30 | Winter Park, Orlando | 29 |
| | TOTAL - FLA. | 900 miles |
| Wednesday, December 31 | Winter Park - Swainsboro, Ga. | 365 |
| Thursday, January 1 | Swainsboror - Winston-Salem,N.C | 377 |
| Friday, January 2 | Winston-Salem - Gettysburg,Pa. | 386 |
| Saturday, January 3 | Gettysburg - Whitelaw | 346 |
| Sunday, January 4 | Whitelaw - Medina | 165 |
| | TOTAL- RETURN | 1639 |
| | GRAND TOTAL | 4155 miles |

# A VISIT TO THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS.

Dec 19 - 1930 to Jan. 3. 1931

With the coming of the first cool weather in the fall or at least with the first fall of snow, many people in the north bid their friends good-bye and start for the land of sunshine and flowers. But our trip to Florida had been planned and anticipated long before cold weather. The coming of snow had nothing to do with it at all.

As early as it is possible to do so when the thermometer registers about 15 degrees we left Central New York on the nineteenth of December, 1930, glad that the thermometer was no,lower and that the roads were almost entirely bare of snow.

Our route went through Cazenovia, Cortland, Dryden, Owego and Waverly. The latter town is located right on the border of New York State, serving with its neighbor, Sayre, Pa., as guards of the border of these two states.

The country traversed through New York State was not different from what we had been accustomed to. The industry was predominately dairying on a more or less progressive basis. Going through the valley south of Cortland we could see steep hillsides on either side, often covered with sugar maples. Consequently, there were occasional buildings that we concluded to be sugar houses where boiling of sap takes place in the springtime. From Owego to Waverly and down to Gowanda, Pa., we followed

the course of the Susquehanna River. At Towanda we decided that sufficient ground had been covered to entitle us to stop and eat.

As the Susquehanna River continues in a southwesterly direction in a big bow from Towanda downward, we followed a more direct course across the Allegheny Mountains and into the Muncy Valley on the other side.

A PASSING REMINDER OF WHAT WE WERE LEAVING BEHIND

VALLEY OF THE MUNCY RIVER

Pennsylvania seemed no warmer than New York had been although both were free from snow. We had noted the rural boys were improving the weather by using the streams and

ponds. In Muncy we stopped to snap their picture as a means of contrast with what we expected to find at our journey's end. The Muncy Valley merged into the Susquehanna Valley some distance below Muncy and we followed the Susquehanna the rest of the way to Harrisburg.

Villages and cities were more frequent and of greater size than they had been earlier in the afternoon. From the meager indications of mid-winter, agriculture seemed to be in a more flourishing state.

The sun shone but feebly all day. Clouds became thicker and just as we entered Harrisburg the rain began to fall, changing to a sticky snow in a few minutes. Thus the drive to Gettysburg from this point was not especially scenic as the darkness had fallen by this time.

Gettysburg is a national rendezvous for tourists but our only contact with the battlefield was that we stayed at the home of one of the licensed guides who conducts visitors to the historic ground.

We were in the state of Maryland before daybreak and in Washington for a late breakfast. After the meal we paused in our driving to see a few of the high spots of the city.

It was logical that we should begin with the Capitol itself after we had driven past the White House. A guide conducted the party through the building. We first visited the old portion of the building, including the original Chamber now occupied by the Supreme Court of the United States. While seated in the gallery of the Senate

we listened to the explanations of the guide while the pages in the Chamber below were arranging the printed bills on the members' desks in preparation for the opening of the regular session at 12 o'clock. We longed to stay for the session but knew this delay would not be advisable.

The visitors were allowed only to look into the Chamber of the House of Representatives. We admired various paintings in the corridors as their significance was explained, stood in the Executive Offices of the Capitol where the President, as a matter of fact, rarely comes except on the last day of the session for the purpose of signing bills. The President now conducts his regular business in the Executive Offices located in the White House.

Most visitors to the Capitol remember distinctly the demonstration of the accoustic properties of Statuary Hall. The Hall is quite a large one having been used as the House Chamber during an earlier period, but in spite of its size, when visitors stand closely around a certain marked spot in the floor, all may hear distinctly the whispering of the guide who is standing with his back to his hearers several feet away. Statuary Hall, it might be noted, is named from the fact that at least one statue of a leading citizen of each state has been selected and placed. The statues of Robert R. Livingstone and George Clinton represent the State of New York.

The Capitol tour was concluded with our return to the space beneath the dome. Paintings of historic interest

decorate all the side walls and even the upper walls and ceiling of the dome.

The Lincoln Memorial and Washington Monument concluded our tour of the city itself. Both these monuments to the two great Americans are impressive,- Washington Monument because of its grandeur and imposing height of 555 feet, and Lincoln Memorial because of its beauty and its symbolism.

THE CAPITOL

Just across the Potomoc River from Washington we visited the National Cemetery at Arlington, in which an amphitheater of pure white marble has been built as a memorial to the soldier dead and at the east end of which is the grave of the Unknown Soldier brought from France in 1921 This spot is now guarded by a soldier throughout the daylight hours. The guard paces back and forth with military precision during his two-hour guard period and is then relieved.

Our last stop in the vicinity og Washington was at Mount Vernon located sixteen miles below Washington on the Potomoc. Most of the rooms in the home of the "Father of His Country" are of great historic meaning not only because George Washington lived in them but because he there entertained many world figures. The close intimacy of Washington and LaFayette is suggested by the gifts of the latter to

his friend. Descending the hill from the house one comes to the tomb of George and Martha Washington, now guarded by an old negro born on the estate.

It was well past noon and we were ready for our lunch by the time we had finished this inspection and had found a place to get a bite at Accotink, Virginia.

During the remainder of the afternoon we rode over rolling hills and through more or less swampy land. We were through Richmond before dark so we had an opportunity of seeing again this renowned Southern city which was the Capital of the Confederacy during the Civil War,

We drove on some forty miles through Petersburg and stopped for the night at a farm house just beyond Dewitt, Virginia. The weather was cold that night. The thermometer must have been as low as 25 but as there was practically no snow in the road we were not hindered in our driving.

The farm residence where we stayed was a well built massive structure but like most Southern houses, it was not built for comfort in cold weather. Nevertheless, by staying in the "den" and chatting with the family around the fire we were warm enough. Besides, by this chance to chat with these Southern people we were able to get facts regarding the farming conditions of the region.

It seems that corn, cotton and peanuts are raised thereabouts but judging from the numerous swamps and forests we traveled through, we would not rate this land as highly

productive.

We were served a Southern meal of hot biscuits and Virginia ham. The "colored boy" removed the dishes after we had finished and brought on the dessert - Del Monte peaches from California.

We slept well and started in the morning in sufficient time to drive into Franklinton, North Carolina, in time for Sunday School and church. Two negro schools are located in the town but the Christian College on the north side of the town is not now in operation because of lack of funds. Little money was forthcoming from the Church Board and the students were too poor to pay much.

According to our plan we stopped at Albion Academy, a colored school operated by the Presbyterian Church. There are about 500 students, boys and girls, who receive preparatory school training. The faculty and President, Dr. Savage, are all colored but they welcomed us cordially. We visited the Sunday School at ten o'clock and the "preaching" service at eleven, and by attending we had a good opportunity to see the religious customs of the negro race.

Due to the extreme cold there were only five or six in attendance besides ourselves when the colored Sunday School Superintendent tapped his bell and opened the school. There were the organist, a choir of one girl, two or three colored boys scattered through the church and three little girls hovering near the radiator to keep warm. But if singing lustily helps to keep warm these folks must

have been comfortable in spite of near freezing weather outside and an amount of heat slightly greater inside the church, for they knew how to use their lungs and produce volume on the old Christmas hymns. By the time the "opening exercises" were over and classes had formed the attendance had increased to forty or fifty and strsgglers kept coming in during the entire session.

A young darkie "taught" the Men's Bible Class to which we had been directed. Like many of his race, especially one Andrew Brown of the Fresh Air Taxicab of America, he had a large vocabulary but the words he used would not always qualify as appropriate according to the dictionary. His ideas on the Christmas lesson were informing, to say the least. He was not sure "just what the meaning of the word "Christmas" was. He could see what the "Christ" part was but he wondered if the "mas" part came from "amo" meaning "to love! By the time the Sunday School was over we were quite enlightened!

The preaching service was conducted by Dr. Savage, the Negro President of Albion Academy. The choir marched in with formal processional, dressed in what might be classed as surplices,- really white shirts that came from the shoulders down to the hips and were identical for men and women. The members of the choir were of all shades of black, all ranges in avoirdupois and difference in age. The hugest, I think, was a woman of perhaps 200 pounds who made and effective entrance donned in her white shirt and carrying a hand bag on her arm.

The music of the services was distinctly in celebration of Christmas. "Joy to the World" was sung three times and "Silent Night" two or three times during the time we were at the church. Other Christmas songs had frequent repetition. Before the sermon the "white visitors" were welcomed and requested to make a prayer.

The sermon itself included various ideas but of little unity. Admonitions of several kinds were made to the "boys and girls" as Dr. Savage called his people. He referred often to the hard times and to the fact that the poor people of the South "had more time than money." He advised, though, that what they saved should be watched carefully and put into a bank "with Federal Reserve connections". He also urged them not to buy firecrackers at Christmas. Instead, he told them, if they wanted to be selfish, to buy a box of candy to eat, or better yet, be unselfish and buy for others.

The sermon was concluded by the preacher's starting the Negro spiritual "I Shall Not Be Moved". He was joined within a line or so by the congregation who sang lustily but with splendid harmony. In fact, this spiritual seemed to me the high spot in the entire service.

The meeting was protracted by a speech by one of the brothers who told us the preacher's salary had not been raised and urged that all help as much as possible by bringing a contribution to the table in front. The choir sang during this time and from different parts of the

church came up with their money. The white visitors were not left out as the "brother" was willing to "wait upon us" where we sat.

This demonstration was followed by further welcoming by Dr. Savage. He told us the origin and the present status of the school and further invited each of us to stand, tell our names and where we lived. He reciprocated by having several members of note in his congregation stand so that we might see them.

Yet in spite of the fact that many parts of this worship service were humorous to us it is not my intent to speak slightingly of them. It was a worship service to them and we accepted the experience as of real value in contributing one phase of southern life.

It was only a short drive to Raleigh, the capital of the state of North Carolina. Here we ate dinner and then strolled around the grounds of the Capitol Building. Different trees from ours suggestedthe warmer climate, and bright sunshine and absence of snow presented the appearance of the change in weather we had been anticipating. Yet there were still remnants of the heavy

STACK OF SOY BEANS IN FIELD NEAR RALEIGH, N. C.

snowstorm that had fallen the middle of the preceding week. The fall had been mentioned by different people from Virginia to South Carolina as being anywhere from twelve to eighteen inches. Along the highway we could see thelittle banks that had been scraped out of the road and had not yet melted. It was down near the vicinity of Charlestom, S. C. before we were told that there had been no fall to cover the ground. At Kingstree it had been an inch of two.

Our stopping place at night, Fayetteville, N. C. was again at a delightful Southern home. The house was massive and the rooms large and high. By the time we had strolled about the town a Southern supper of waffles, hominy, Virginia ham and gravy had been prepared. The hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Boyd fulfilled all descriptions as being Southern, in spite of the fact that we were of conspicuously Yankee ancestry and that Mrs. Boyd had a framed certificate of membership in the Daughters of the Confederacy.

In the evening we attended the Presbyterian Church with Mrs. Boyd and listened to a Christmas program by the choir. The church building was a time-honored structure. Its constituency seemed to be of Scotch extraction as the town was originally settled by the Scotch. Hence the service and the church were a distinct contrast to the service of the morning.

Early on Monday we left for South Carolina. The

day proved to be a more or less monotonous alternation of ramshackle negro cabins, swamps, mules, lean beef cattle and razor back hogs.

Early in the morning we stopped at change oil. While it was being done we watched some darkies make a fire and heat water for butchering oudoors. During the day we saw fires frequently back of the cabins - either for butchering or for washing clothes, we imggined, though we were later told that the negroes like a little fire about them to stand beside even when the weather is quite mild.

The stretch through to Charleston was not as highly cultivated as North Carolina had been. Except for the occasional mules or scrawny cattle, one sees little signs of life. The towns themselves were not generally attractive. Even Charleston where we ate our mid-day meal did not favorably impress us. It is a city of 75,000 but the principal street is narrow and one-way traffic is maintained on it part of the way.

The afternoon drive did not differ from that of the morning except that Spanish moss and a variety of palm trees (probably cabbage palmetto) began to appear frequently. Rain settled down in earnest about four o'clock but we had planned to stop for the night in Savannah anyhow and were not driving in heavy rain for more than an hour.

Our observations in Savannah were necessarily very limited for we left, as usual, before daylight.

However, we were quite favorably impressed with the restaurant service and the tourist lodge where we were entertained.

We encountered animal life even before it was light. There were black things that crossed the road just ahead of us that proved to be pigs, probably of the razor-back variety. Beef critters also roamed at large, living as best they could on the meager vegetation along the roadside, in the ditches and woods, and our watching them helped to pass the time through this desolate country.

After breakfasting in Brunswick, Georgia, we found another industry to study - the turpentine industry. We had seen a few pine trees tapped before this point but from here to Jacksonville the turpentine industry and grazing were the sole industries of importance. We were to see more turpentine stills later and they can be explained more fully then.

Our entrance to the state of Florida was naturally an event of considerable importance,- likewise our drive through the city of Jacksonville, the converging point of several routes to Florida. So we stopped in the city to get suggestions on routes for the return tripand then proceeded toward our destination. About thirty miles farther on, we paused at Green Cove Springs for lunch, thence detoured nine miles westward in order to visit Green Cove Springs' neighboring community of Penney Farms. This community consists of

End of Down Trip Tues. Dec. 23
Friday, Dec. 26
Saturday, Dec. 27
Sunday, Dec. 28
Monday, Dec. 29
Beg. of Return Trip Wed. Dec. 31
Florida
Jacksonville
St. Johns River
Orange Park
Bayard
Penney Farms
Green Cove Springs
St. Augustine
New Augustine
Hastings
Palatka
E. Palatka
Pomona
Crescent City
Seville
Deleon Springs
Daytona Beach
New Smyrna
Deland
Orange City
Eustis
Mt. Dora
Apopka
Tavares
Sanford
Maitland
Winter Park
Orlando
Gravesland
Minneola
Oakland
Winter Garden
Pinecastle
Taft
Kissimmee
Trilby
Dade City
Lake Jessie
Tucker
New Port Richey
Effers
Tarpon Springs
Palm Harbor
Dunedin
Clearwater
Largo
Seminole
Tampa
Gandy Bridge
Tampa Bay
Plant City
Lakeland
Winter Haven
Lake Alfred
Auburndale
Davenport
Haines City
Lake Hamilton
Bok Tower
Lake Wales
Babson Park
Frostproof
Avon Park
Everglades
Gulf of Mexico
Atlantic Ocean
Palm Beach
Miami

about ninety families who live in well built dwellings equipped with all modern conveniences. The community

EXTERIOR MEMORIAL CHAPEL

has been built by J. C. Penney, the millionaire owner of the Department Stores that bear his name. The community has been established as a memorial to Mr. Penney's father and mother in the form of a home for retired ministers and Christian workers. By making application for entrance a married couple may be admitted to one of the homes and use it without cost until one of them dies.

A Memorial Chapel and Library of considerable size stands at the end of the principal street and one can imagine that the bonds of friendship formed about this community center are sources of great pleasure and contentment to the old couples who accept Mr. Penney's hospitality.

INTERIOR MEMORIAL CHAPEL

The Penney-Gwinn Farms are another interest of Mr. Penney in the same locality and represent a wide range of activity from tung oil to Guernsey cows. A person desiring to comply

End of Down Trip Tues. Dec. 23
Friday, Dec. 26
Saturday, Dec. 27
Sunday, Dec. 28
Monday, Dec. 29
Beg. of Return Trip Wed. Dec. 31
Florida
Jacksonville
St. Johns River
Orange Park
Bayard
Penney Farms
Green Cove Springs
St. Augustine
New Augustine
Hastings
Palatka
E. Palatka
Pomona
Crescent City
Seville
Deleon Springs
Daytona Beach
New Smyrna
Deland
Orange City
Eustis
Mt. Dora
Apopka
Tavares
Sanford
Maitland
Winter Park
Orlando
Gravesland
Minneola
Oakland
Winter Garden
Pinecastle
Taft
Kissimmee
Trilby
Dade City
Lake Jessie
Tucker
New Port Richey
Effers
Tarpon Springs
Palm Harbor
Dunedin
Clearwater
Largo
Seminole
Tampa
Gandy Bridge
Tampa Bay
Plant City
Lakeland
Winter Haven
Lake Alfred
Auburndale
Davenport
Haines City
Lake Hamilton
Bok Tower
Lake Wales
Babson Park
Frostproof
Avon Park
Everglades
Gulf of Mexico
Atlantic Ocean
Palm Beach
Miami

with the necessary terms may settle on one of the 20-acre farms, rent the house and farm for a year's probation and if both parties are satisfied at the end of the year, the farm may be purchased on easy terms, the purchaser receiving all the time the advice of the agricultural experts employed by the Corporation and getting the advantages of the co-operative marketing.

1—*Corn—Good farming pays.*

2—*Central Farm Barn, 6.30 A. M.*

3—*Watermelons—Another source of farm revenue*

4—*Early Morning Scene—Leaving farm barn for work*

5—*Field of Beans—A staple, well-paying crop*

It was well along in the afternoon when we again returned to Green Cove Springs and turned southward toward Palatka. Pine woods were the main feature of the landscape to Palatka but after leaving this town our eyes began to stick out more and more for we were beginning to see the sights commonly thought of when one speaks of Florida,- namely orange and grape fruit groves. The fruit on the trees was nearly all ripe and very little seemed to have been picked.

An Orange Cluster.

The effect upon us novices was thrilling, to say the least. We had seen the citrus fruits in California but most of the fruit had been picked, but here the trees were just loaded and the contrasts of bright yellow and green

in the case of the grapefruit and the orange and green of the tangerines and oranges produced a beautiful sight.

We were hardly through the citrus region around Palatka before we reached Sanford and the celery fields. This locality is said to produce one third of the celery of the United States. Some lettuce and other truck

ORANGE PICKING

BOSTON FERNS

garden crops are also produced and to us worthy of note because we had so recently been in the land of ice and snow. Boston ferns are propagated under arbors through this region as a means of protection from the bright rays of the sun.

It is not a long distance from Sanford to Winter Park and probably our most vivid impression was the large number of little lakes that materially added to the attractiveness of the landscape.

1034 ALOMA AVENUE

The City of Winter Park was not our chief interest on Tuesday night. We were more interested

in locating 1034 Aloma Avenue and greeting the folks that dwell therein. Of course they were on hand to welcome us and it is unnecessary to state that we were entertained royally from the minute we arrived. The evening was spent in eating and talking,- the conclusions of which need not be enumerated here.

The next day we were occupied in orienting ourselves to our surroundings. The commodious bungalow and yard were objects of extended inspection and admiration. The lot is 75 feet wide and 130 feet deep. On it are nearly twenty orange trees, one grape fruit and one kumquat tree. The two latter flank the front lawn

POINSETTIAS IN FULL BLOOM

and furnish ornamentation as well as fruit.

The most conspicuous impression we received in the front yard, however, was the double bank of poinsettias in full bloom extending along the length of the house in front of the porch. Pictures and words both fail to convey the gorgeous effect of the Brilliant red blossoms and the rich green foliage. We see

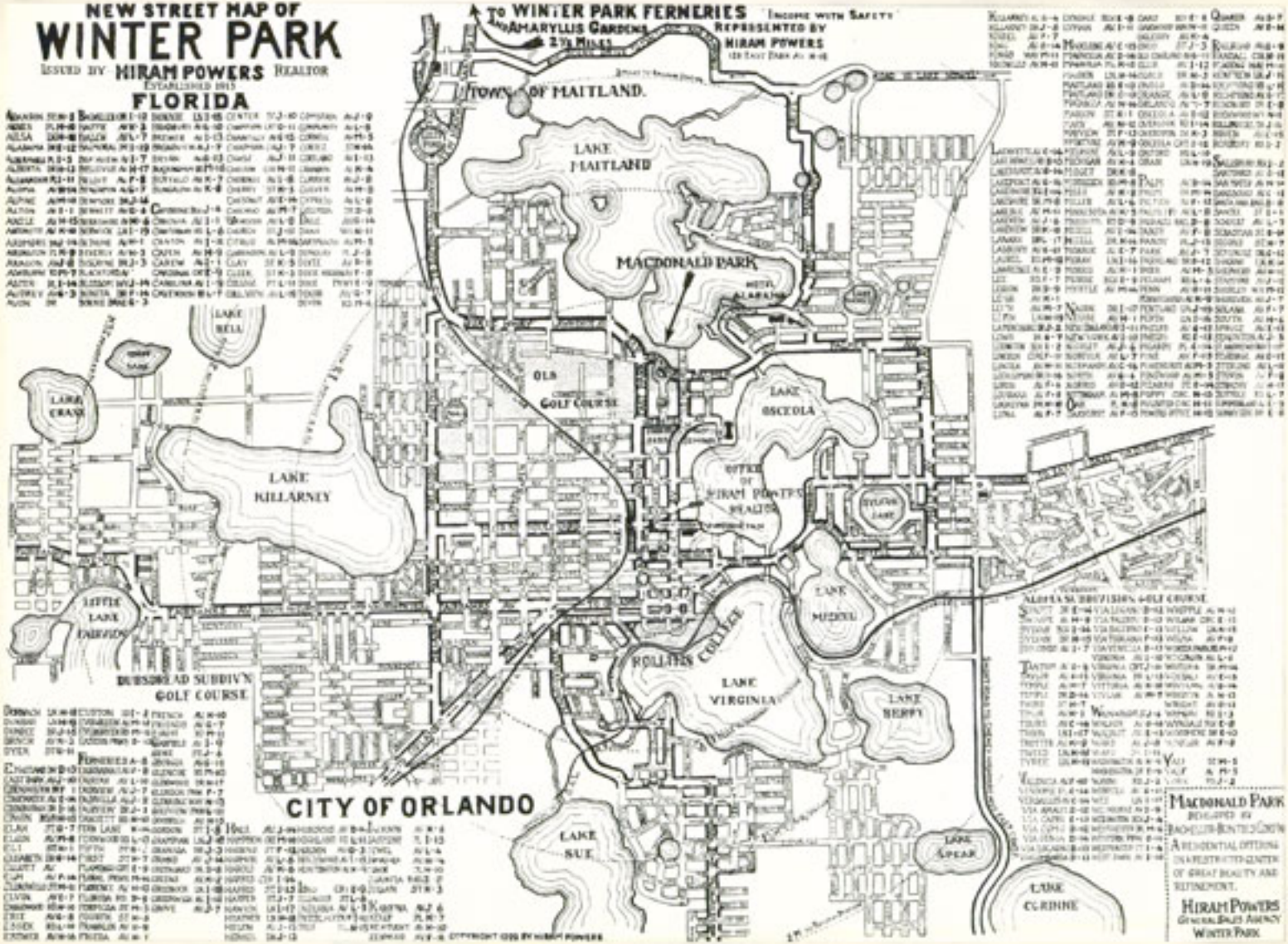
beautiful poinsettias in the florists' windows but here they were growing to the height of one's shoulder andfilled with enormous blossoms.

STREET LOOKING TOWARD LAKE MIZELL

We further studied the lay-out of the city by walking about and attempting to learn the names of the nearby lakes. It would hardly be possible to learn all the lakes of the city for its streets are cut up with lakes on every side. This condition doubtless adds to the distance one would have to drive in going from one part of the city to another but adds greatly to its beauty.

TROPICAL VEGETATION
ON LAKE OSCEOLA

Winter Park is located in Orange Co. and is surrounded by a fertile agricultural region which produces winter fruits and vegetables for shipment to all parts of the nation.....


NEW STREET MAP OF
WINTER PARK
ISSUED BY HIRAM POWERS REALTOR
ESTABLISHED 1915
FLORIDA
TO WINTER PARK FERNERIES AND AMARYLLIS GARDENS 2½ MILES
INCOME WITH SAFETY REPRESENTED BY HIRAM POWERS
TOWN OF MAITLAND.
LAKE MAITLAND
MACDONALD PARK
LAKE BELL
LAKE CRAIG
LAKE KILLARNEY
LAKE OSCEOLA
LAKE MIZELL
LAKE VIRGINIA
LAKE BERRY
LAKE SUE
LAKE SPEAR
LAKE CORRINE
GOLF COURSE
ROLLINS COLLEGE
CITY OF ORLANDO
MACDONALD PARK
DEVELOPED BY
RACHELLE-BONTECOU CORP.
A RESIDENTIAL OFFERING
IN A RESTRICTED CENTER
OF GREAT BEAUTY AND
REFINEMENT.
HIRAM POWERS
GENERAL SALES AGENCY
WINTER PARK

"Winter Park was founded by a group of distinguished New England people whose names are now identified with many of our streets, such as Fairbanks avenue, Morse boulevard, Comstock and Chase avenues. Other beautiful highways are those of New England and Interlachen avenues.

A SHADY VISTA OF NEW ENGLAND AVENUE

"Few smaller cities in the United States possess so many miles of beautiful streets as Winter Park. Majestic oaks fantastically draped with Spanish moss meet overhead. Behind deep lawns filled with palms, ferns poinsettias and brilliant blooming shrubs, are set stately and comfortable homes. Many northern visitors exclaim in their admiration,"Winter Park is like an

*Campus scene at Rollins College*

STREAMERS OF GOLDEN FLAME VINE IN THE PINE TREES

old New England village dropped down in the heart of Florida."

"Nature has been most kind to Winter Park" is an expression often heard"....The stately evergreen oaks, towering pines covered with gorgeous flame vines.....

ALOMA AVENUE

semi-tropical palms, ferns, and bananas.....and in the midst of all the many beautiful and 'homey' homes - the whole makes a picture of beauty that is well-nigh impossible of description."

UNDER THE AGED OAKS OF INTERLACHEN AVENUE

"Winter Park is the proud home of Rollins College, the oldest institution of higher learning in Florida..... Rollins has kept pace with other similar institutions in the State and has become known as one of America's most outstanding small colleges in the field of higher education. Rollins has had the good fortune to secure as its president Hamilton Holt, widely known

ROLLINS HALL, ONE OF THE COLLEGE'S NEW DORMITORY UNITS

as an editor, lecturer, publicist and authority on questions of international relations and world peace. President Holt's ideal is to make Rollins "the best small college in America" and under his wise leadership rapid progress has been made toward this goal."

Besides being noted as a college town Winter Park has become the literary center of Florida. Headed by Irving Bacheller, who might be called the Dean of the colony, from forty to fifty writers, editors, educators, lecturers and

A STREET IN WINTER PARK

others prominent in literary fields come each year for the winter months and their ranks show notable increases each season. Among them are to be found Joseph C. Lincoln, Corra Harris, Clinton Scollard, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Percy MacKaye, Eulalie Osgood Grover, Albert Shaw, Sherwin Cody and many others."

HOME OF IRVING BACHELLER, NOVELIST

About eleven o'clock we left for Oviedo with the purpose of visiting the packing house of the Lake Charm Fruit Co. As the plant was closed for lunch when we arrived we drove on to a muck farm where we saw celery, lettuce, and a new vegetable, escarole, growing. The latter is similar to spinach and is prepared in a similar manner.

After lunch we had the unusual opportunity to see citrus fruits packed from start to finish. Oranges, grape fruit, tangerines and winter vegetables

are packed at the plant. In the case of the citrus fruits the company usually buys the fruit on the trees and sends its own pickers to get the fruit. When the oranges come to the packing house entirely ripe, as is the usual case, they are ready to be dumped in the washing tanks. However it sometimes happens, especially early in the season, that the fruit looks rather green. State law rigidly prevents the shipping of green fruit so the "ripening" is brought about at the plant. The fruit is placed in a storage room into which ethylin gas is forced. After two or three days the green oranges are changed to the natural color of the ripened fruit.

After the oranges have been soaked in the washing tank they are passed up a conveyor. As they pass along brushes turn them about and remove so much dirt and foreign matter that the fruit has an entirely different appearance. The next stage is the drying, polishing and paraffining which is done successfully by a series of brushes that turn at the side of the conveyor.

The polished fruit moves past the inspectors who pick out fruit that may have odd shape, have too long stems, or be decayed. The fruit is then graded by being"kicked" through compartments big enough to let them roll off the conveyor. The largest fruit naturally passes on to the last opening.

From the piles, each of which contain fruit of uniform size, women wrap the fruit individually and

pack in the shipping boxes according to a standard scheme,- that is , it has been previously determined how many of each size are necessary to fill a box and then the arrangement of layers and rows is carefully planned so that the fruit will be as compact as possible.

In the basement of the plant we saw the packing boxes nailed together. They are received "knocked down" and the bottoms and sides are nailed and wired by experts in this line so that it would seem that not more than a minute is required per box.

After the boxes are conveyed to the upper floor and have been packed it is a matter of seconds to nail on and wire the covers. Thence trucks convey the boxes to a refrigerator car on the siding at the entrance to the plant. During the season the company usually "rolls" a car or more every day, on the average.

Returning from Oviedo by way of the near-by city of Orlando where we stopped to do a little shopping we returned to Winter Park for supper. It was hard to make it seem that this was Christmas Eve since the surroundings were so different and the weather so mild for us Northerners. Yet such was the case and the inside of the house was made to suggest a genuine "holiday season" even if there was no snow. The Christmas tree was a pretty little long-leafed pine of a species common to the south and which we had been seeing from North Carolina southward. Its

THE CELEBRATION ON CHRISTMAS EVE

needles were from ten to twelve inches long. Other decorations were appropriate to the occasion including a large potted poinsettia that can be seen in the picture just to the left of the tree. The exchange of gifts and festivities afterwards occupied very pleasantly the entire evening.

Christmas was a beautiful warm day. We spent much of it in the outdoors except for the enjoyable time around the family board for Christmas dinner,- to say nothing of breakfast and supper. There were many

A BASEBALL GAME ON CHRISTMAS MORNING
IN THE FRONT YARD

things in the yard to see and do. We wanted to learn the difference between the two kinds of lawn grass, both of which have to be set out for ornamental lawns in Florida. There were varieties of flowers and plants entirely new to us as well as the old familiar roses and other flowers blooming at this strange season.

It was quite a novelty to dig a sweet potato in the garden that had been left especially that we might perform this unusual act. The little Marsh Seedless Grape Fruit in front of the house had a few fruit for the first time this year and the honor of clipping the first one was awarded to one of the party. When the yard had been fully inspected, the nearby lake shore and the adjoining groves were worthy of some little tour of inspection.

After our Christmas dinner we made an extended tour of the surrounding country after making a photographic record of the party,- or part of it. Our first stop was at the Brewer Estate which is one of the show places of Winter Park and even of

Florida. Within the confines of this place can be found almost everything in the way of tropical or sub-tropical vegetation. What cannot be grown in the open is propagated in a private greenhouse. The citrus groves containing oranges, lemons, tangerines, grape-fruit and limes seemed to be as well cared for as any we saw. It was a continuous thrill to walk among the trees. Adjoining the groves is a vast stretch of densely growing cypress trees covered with Spanish moss and on the ground various cabbage palmetto and

GROVES IN THE BREWER ESTATE

"THE HAMMOCK" - BREWER ESTATE

other palm trees. In the midst of this dense forest to which the name of "jungle" or "hammock" has been applied, a fine road has been built and people are free to drive through as well as on other parts of the estate, thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Brewer. The vegetation is so dense that it

AZALEA GARDENS IN THE BREWER ESTATE, A PROFUSION OF COLOR AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF STATELY PALMS

seems twilight even in the middle of the day. In the midst of this jungle one suddenly comes upon the azalea garden beneath the shade of the tall stately palms.

One returns through the dense undergrowth by another drive that reveals further variety in the nature of wild vegetation.

PALMS ALONG THE SHORE
OF LAKE OSCEOLA
BREWER ESTATE

Between the jungle and the groves is a drive that affords a picturesque view down toward the lake, set off on the right by a hedge covered with flame vine and on the other side by the projecting branches covered with oranges and tangerines.

HEDGE OF FLAME VINE IN THE BREWER ESTATE

In front of the Brewer Home the land slopes gently down to Lake Osceola. A large lawn leaves the space directly in front of the house open so that views on all sides may be had from within. Along the shore the road runs through the garden and to the public street.

After our drive through the Brewer Estate we were conducted through other parts of the city of Winter Park - past the palatial hotels, the residences of noted people like Irving Bacheller and Dr. Holt, and thence to Orlando.

RESIDENCE OF MRS. BREWER

We had been there the day before but had not looked around. This time we visited the park and "circumnavigated" one of the lakes. Several buildings wre also worthy of notice for one reason or another.

Returning to Winter Park we stopped on the campus of Rollins College to see Dr. Holt's "Walk of Fame", as I believe it is called. The idea is being worked out by securing a rock or stone from the birthplace or home of famous men of letters, statesmen, educators, etc.

These stones are appropriately marked and set along the walk. Such associations are but one means of making the history and literature of the past of real meaning to the students and visitors of the college.

The day after Christmas the weather was warm and bright sunshine made one think of summer. The air was even "muggy". The thermometer rose to a point between 60 and 70. We walked through the Brewer Estate for pictures of some of the scenes we had viewed

TYPICAL SCENES THROUGH "HOWEY IN THE HILLS"

the day before. There was a little breeze but I was comfortable without a coat and with shirt sleeves rolled up. We strolled down to Lake Osceola, across to Lake Mizell and then through the Brewer grove and hammock.

After an early lunch we started for Ocala and Silver

GRAPE FRUIT GROVE IN "HOWEY IN THE HILLS"

Springs where submarine gardens are to be seen through glass-bottom boats, but the heavy clouds that had overhung all the morning began to produce results and the rain changed our plans. However, we were afterwards glad to have them changed, for by this means we were introduced to "Howey in the Hills".

There were frequent orange, grape fruit and tangerine groves on the Orlando- Mount Dora- Tavares Road but they

did not impress us as being different from the ones we had been seeing. At Tavares we decided to swing southward and making a "triangle" route. At Ashtabula we stopped to get a few samples of kumquats. At the stand where we made the purchase we learned the reason for the large groves we had begun to see in the rolling hills during the last few miles. We were in the midst of the largest citrus development section in the world - Howey in the Hills.

BEAUTY AS WELL AS PROFIT IN THE GROVES

"Howey in the Hills" may be considered as a real estate project since the purpose is the selling of land. On the other hand the method is so different that it is also an extensive agricultural project as well. There are 102,000 acres in the plot of which 60,000 are

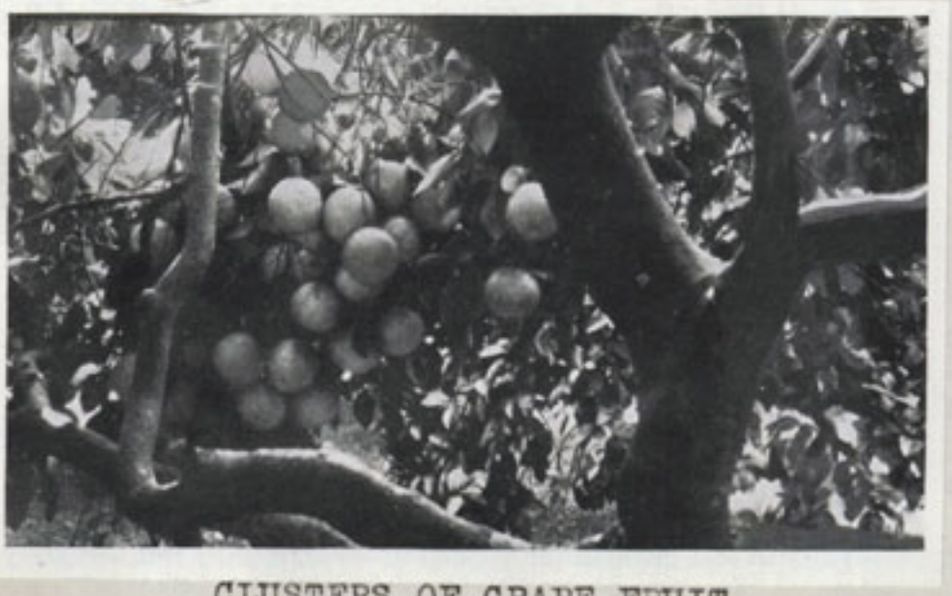
certified citrus lands. 14000 acres have been planted to fruit extending along the highway and within for some distance between Ashtabula and Mineola. 3000 acres are now bearing.

The plan of the company is to sell the land in 5 or 10 acre plots after it has been set to fruit. Oranges and grape fruit only are set - no tangerines. Selection of lots, tree stock, and variety are based

upon expert advice provided by the company's experimenters. By setting trees on such a large scale it is possible to avoid cost of buying of the nurserymen.

When you select the land the company sets your trees, budding them on hardy lemon stock, cares for them until they are bearing, then cares for the fruit,-picking, marketing and selling. The underlying theory is that of co-operative growing and marketing - or in other words

you buy the groves and your purahase price includes "perpetual care". The theory is good and the practice may result in profit for both parties but only time will answer. The only things that are certain now is that these immense citrus groves set on delightful rolling hills present a series of views that will long be remembered and a quantity of fruit that will materially increase the citrus crop of the state and nation. The grape fruit groves especially appealed to us. They were by far the largest we



CLUSTERS OF GRAPE FRUIT

had seen, stretching back from the road as far as we could see. The fruit hung down in great clusters making many of the branches nearly touch the ground. In fact we were so much impressed that we had to stop and try a picture even though it was rainy. The result is on page 36.

At Mineola we turned eastward to complete the last leg of the triangle. We left the groves of the Howey Development but presently were in the Winter Garden truck farm section where celery, lettuce, escarole and spinaah were growing with as fresh a green as we see on

our muck farms in New York. After passing through Winter Garden we drove through the Avalon groves, another citrus development project, but not so large as that in the hills. We saw many tangerines through here, however, - far more than we had expected were produced anywhere.

The rain continued, rather it grew worse so that it was a downpour during the evening and we spent the time after our return from this trip within the shelter of 1034 Aloma Avenue.

We did not start on Saturday until after ten o'clock for our schdeule called for our being at Mountain Lake Sanctuary late in the afternoon. We tarried for a time in Orlando and left that city in a southwesterly direction toward Kissimmee. Driving for some distance through pine woods we noted a turpentine still only a short distance from the road and stopped to investigate the process since we knew that Florida was a leading state in the production of these "naval stores".

Most of the land in Florida and,in fact, most of the land throughout the coastal plain of the southern states, is forested. Of the trees found the southern pines easily predominate. These trees are in certain regions harvested for lumber but from Georgia southward we had been seeing these pine trees tapped for the sap that exudes when the bark is cut.

From early spring until late in the fall gashes are cut in the bark of the trees often enough that they are

kept fresh. The sap that flows from the wounds drips into troughs that slope together and run the sap or resin, as it is called, into clay cups. It hardens into a gum and is collected by the negroes who do most of the work of the industry. The former method of tapping consisted of making a groove at the base of the tree but this method was wasteful and killed the trees within a few years. The sap is gathered by the negroes in buckets which are in turn emptied into barrels and hauled to the still.

TAPPING OF PINE TREES

From the platform the barrels are rolled to the

tank above the firebox and the contents dumped into this container. At one heating the collection of a considerable length of time is cared for so the still does not operate for long at a time.

When the heating is to be done the retort shown in the picture below is placed over the opening at the top of the tank containing the resin and connected with the coils that run through the cold water tank.

VIEW AT TOP OF TANK SHOWING RETORT(LEFT)
PIPE CONNECTS RETORT WITH HOLE SHOWN IN WATER TANK

This makes the resin tank air tight and upon the heating of the resin the turpentine vapor is "boiled off". The vapor rises into the retort and passes into the coils cooled in the water tank. The vapor is again condensed and runs as turpentine into barrels. After the turpentine is entirely removed from the raw sap the thick remaining substance is drawn off and collected and forms a by-product of the industry, - rosin used in the manufacture of varnishes, etc.

We were told that three "charges" each day may be run

and the gathering of a number of weeks may thus be quickly distilled. Consequently, we failed to see any still in operation.

Yet we were free to prowl about the still as much as we wished to study the construction. We also wandered back into the woods to"pump" a big, thick lipped

LOWER LEVEL SHOWING FIREBOX (RIGHT)
AND WATER TANK (LEFT)

darkie for all the information he could give us. His comments were more or less enlightening. For instance, he made it clear at the outset that a turpentine still is operated "just like a whiskey still".

NEGRO CABINS OF THE STILL OPERATORS
KISSIMMEE NAVAL STORES CO.
KISSIMMEE, FLORIDA

Back in the woods were several negro shanties in a row which, we assumed, were used the year round as domiciles for the workers in the surrounding pine woods.

The route from Kissimmee to Haines City is largely through swamps of cypress trees. Some of them are of enormous size and present a unique picture. We stopped at one time to measure one of them. It was not the largest but it measured about eight feet in circumference. It is also in this vicinity that the highway passes a pitiful spectacle - a remnant of the Florida boom. The place is called Inter-Ocean City but it is a city in name only. Its population is "nil" and all that remains are the shells of a planing mill, the "Inter-Ocean Building Materials Co. a couple of stores and hotels. All are deserted and cattle may roam at will about the abandoned streets. A sad ending, indeed, and a terrible catastrophe to the state, especially since there are many similar results in other parts.

CYPRESS TREES ALONG HIGHWAY

We decided to take a circular route so as to see

as much country as possible before arriving at Lake Wales. Hence we drove in a southwesterly direction to Winter Haven and Bartow. Citrus groves predominated in this section but we did not see any comparison between Winter Haven and Winter Park as some suggested - except in the similarity of names. Our vote was unanimous in favor of the latter town.

It was our first intention to drive on southward to Wauchula and then return to Avon Park and back to Lake Wales, but as the day was waning we crossed from Bartow to Lake Wales directly. The country was again largely swamp land, in some places suggesting to our minds the Everglades. Whether or not these swamps

CYPRESS SWAMPS

are similar to the Everglades proper located some few miles southward, we cannot say, for we did not go that far. At any rate, it was land covered with water on both sides of the road with cypresses growing up in a tangled mass and covered with Spanish moss,- all of a dull gray color.

When we reached a point about five miles from the village of Lake Wales we began to catch glimpses of the object of our day's travel - the Singing Tower at Mountain Lake Sanctuary.

THE BOK TOWER

It is a drive of three or four miles from the village through orange and grape fruit groves over a splendid paved and sand highway. There is a gradual rise of elevation for the Tower is located at the highest point yet surveyed in Peninsular Florida.

The Mountain Lake Sanctuary has within the two years of its existence become almost a national shrine so that facts

VIEW OF MOUNTAIN LAKE FROM THE ELEVATION OF THE SINGING TOWER

concerning it are widely known. Yet for convenience a few points are taken from the descriptive circulars and inserted herewith.

Mountain Lake Sanctuary is the result of the vision and beneficence of Edward W. Bok, former publisher of the Saturday Evening Post. While walking about his winter home one day which was located in the exclusive residential section of the Mountain Lake colony, Mr. Bok "walked from his home to Iron Mountain. The sun was setting and the moon was rising at its full. Standing between those ancient symbols of a man's ideals and his activities Mr. Bok felt that this mountain once hallowed by the worship of the Indians of Florida who used to meet there each spring to reverence the Great Spirit, was the place to establish a Sanctuary for birds and humans."

PALMS ABOUT TOWER

The Sanctuary covers about fifty acres of land where birds are unmolested and all people are invited to come freely from eight in the morning to five in the evening.

The harmony produced by sub-tropical gardens with roses, azaleas and calla lilies, pools in which

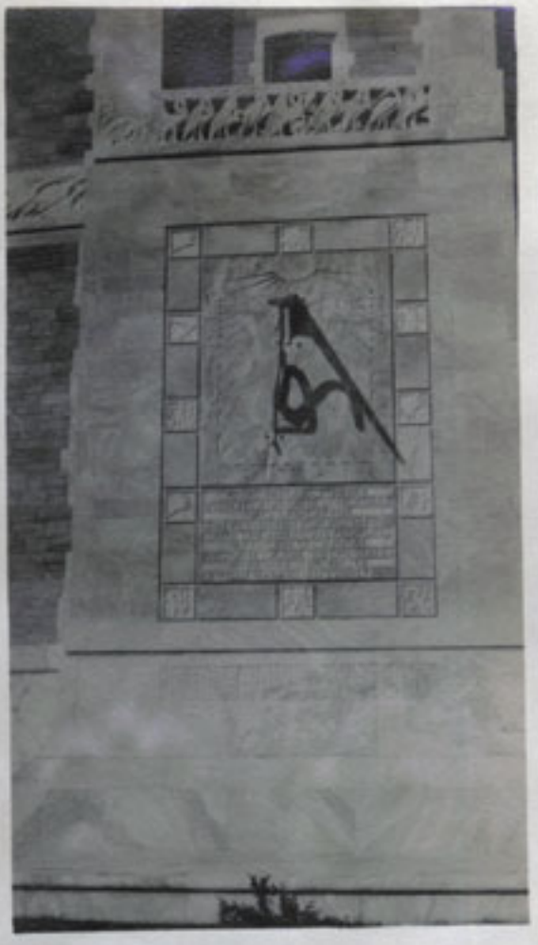
FLAMINGOES STANDING IN THE POOL

flamingoes stand sleepily on one leg sunning themselves, the view of lakes, groves and low hills on all sides and the tower rising above all, is unusual. The verse on the stone in front of one of the bird baths is particularly appropriate in describing the effect.

"The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth;
You are nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth."

The architecture adopted in the construction of the tower blends well with the surroundings. "In materials and motifs the Singing Tower often partakes directly of Florida itself. The coquina rock is historic to Florida and was used by the Spaniards in the old fort at Saint Augustine in 1638"..... "Similarly the carvings of birds on the marble band encircling the tower.....

show the cranes, flamingoes, and native birds of Florida." "The Tower rises from its foundation..... to the majestic height of 205 feet 2 inches." A beautiful sun dial graces the base of the tower under which is the inscription as follows:



SUN DIAL AND INSCRIPTION

"This Singing Tower with its adjacent Sanctuary was dedicated and presented for visitation to the American people by Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States February the first, nineteen hundred and twenty-nine."

"This Tower is surrounded by a moat. This with the planting and its reflection in the pool will keep it at one with the Sanctuary itself"

*Bok Tower, Day's Trip Both Ways*

The climax of our visit to the Mountain Lake Sanctuary, however, was the concert of carillons given for three-quarters of an hour. We especially enjoyed the program

because it was the same as the one given on Christmas day. We sat in the garden some 150 or 200 yards from the Tower as the sounds are much sweeter at a distance. When you hear the carillon at the Sanctuary send out its glorious melodies from the tower's height you will also lose the idea of the tower as just a building or of the bells as bells. Instead you will feel the whole unit alive, a wonderful singing force, the noblest expression of democratic music, a true Singing Tower".

"Many people do not realize the difference between a carillon and a chime. 'A chime .... is a set of bells not more than 8, 10 or 12 in number tuned to the notes of the diatonic scale..... A carillon is played on a keyboard or clavier, similar to an organ or piano...."

The carillon in the Singing Tower "has 71 bells with 53 notes, or four and one-half octaves. The total weight of the bells is 123,264 pounds. The tenor bell alone weighs 11 tons and the smalles 12 pounds. It is the finest and largest carillon ever cast and was made at .....Loughborough, Eng."

"The carillonneur is the famous Anton Brees of Antwerp, Belgium. He has played most of the great carillons of the world.....Mr. Brees is in residence at Lake Wales from December to May each year."

Programs are given regularly during the season at three o'clock on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays and on special occasions like Christmas and New Years Eve, and Easter morning. The program given on Thursday, December 25 and Saturday, December 27 was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| America | |
| Sweet and Low | Barnby |
| Bells of St. Mary's | A. Adams |
| To a Wild Rose | MacDowell |
| Fantasia-Minuet | Wambach-Hopkins |
| First Noel | Traditional |
| We Three Kings of Orient Are | |
| Adeste Fidelis | Portagallo |
| Largo | Handel |
| He Shall Feed His Flocks | |
| Our United States (Transvaal Song) | arr. Stokowsky |

It is needless to say that the visitors come in throngs ro see the Tower and hear the concert. The weather was fine and the temperature so all could enjoy sitting outside.

At the close of the program we drove southward through Babson Park, owned in large part by the famous statistician, Roger W. Babson. From Babson Park

SOME OF THE CROWDS AT THE SINGING TOWER

to Frostproof the citrus groves again comprised most of the scenery. The effect of these groves on rolling hillsides above the numerous little lakes was particularly fine. The land between Frostproof and Avon Park was not so attractive but even through here there were many groves.

The town of Avon Park is apparently of the "mushroom" variety and perhaps all that needs to be mentioned concerning it is the fact that the St. Louis Cardinals come here for spring training. We had similarly noticed signs in various towns and cities we passed through in Florida indicating the practice fields of northern baseball leagues.

We returned to Lake Wales over the same route. The sun was just sinking below the horizon and the glow on the lakes along the road was as beautiful as one often sees. By the time we had reached a point on the highway opposite the Tower it was nearly dark and a light was glowing on the top.

On Sunday wwe journeyed sixty miles and went to church

at Daytona Beach. The church was well packed and the sermon very interesting and the entire service attractive.

We then drove up the famous Daytona Beach for over six miles to the north. We might have driven along the beach still farther but decided to turn inland as the

*One Half Mile of Boardwalk Is Complete*

tide was coming in and we did not wish to be stranded on the sand with water all about us. Driving inland a block or two we passed the hotel operated by the Flagler Railroad and thence through the jungle for a mile or so. The "jungle" is the name applied to the dense sub-tropical vegetation found in the undisturbed waste land. It was along here

*The Boardwalk, Delightful New Social Center*

*The Beach Smacks of the Tropics*

that we had close views of bananas in blossom and fruitage. The reddish blossom extends two or three feet beyond the end of the bunch.

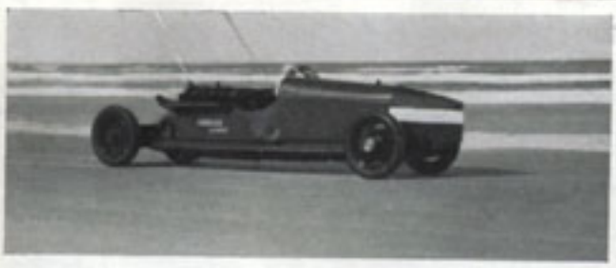
Returning toward Daytona Beach we drove past the home of John D. Rockefeller at Ormond Beach, six miles north of Daytona, but we did not stop to ask for a "dime".

Although the sun was not shining brightly we were very comfortable as we sat on the beach and watched the breakers roll in as we ate our lunch. Afterwards we had a great fascination in walking along the beach and picking up shells of various sizes and descriptions, star fish skeletons, etc. There were remnants of

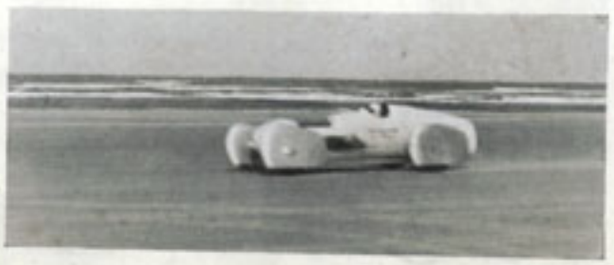
jelly fish on the sand, too, but we did not pick them up as they are poisonous to handle.

Daytona Beach is considered the best beach in the world for auto racing and is the far-famed for this reason. The "great beach constitutes the most unique drive in the world. Twenty-three miles of tide-packed "pavement", five hundred feet wide, unbelievably smooth beside the lapping surf and directly at sea level. Thousands visit Daytona Beach each year, just for the breath-taking thrill of a spin down the length of this greatest of all speedways. The International Speed Trials are a great feature of the winter season. Here on the beach all the land-speed

SOME AUTOS DRIVE ON THE BEACH THAT ARE NOT RACERS



*Keech, 1928, 207 M. P. H.*
*White's Triplex*



*Lockhart, 1928, 202 M. P. H.*
*Stutz Blackhawk*

sensations of automotive history have been tested. Henry Ford raced on this beach in the early days of this century. More recent years have seen the late Sir Henry Segrave's astounding record of 205 miles per hour broken again and again. Captain Malcolm Campbell and the late Ray Keech successively wrested the coveted honor from Segrave. Finally, Segrave himself, in the Napier Golden Arrow scored a smashing victory... 231 miles per hour" but early in February 1931, Campbell again topped the record.

*There Are Twenty-three Miles of this*

We drove southward along the beach for a few miles to enjoy more of the thrill of this kind of driving. The tide had now receded and there was plenty of room for all.

Returning inland we crossed the Halifax River to the mainland and Daytona City. (It may be explained that some have described the Daytona Beach as being bounded on the west by the Halifax River and on the east by the deep blue sea.) As the Halifax River flows inside and parallel to the shore and as the highways are built inside that river, one cannot drive along the ocean front except where the beach itself is a thoroughfare.

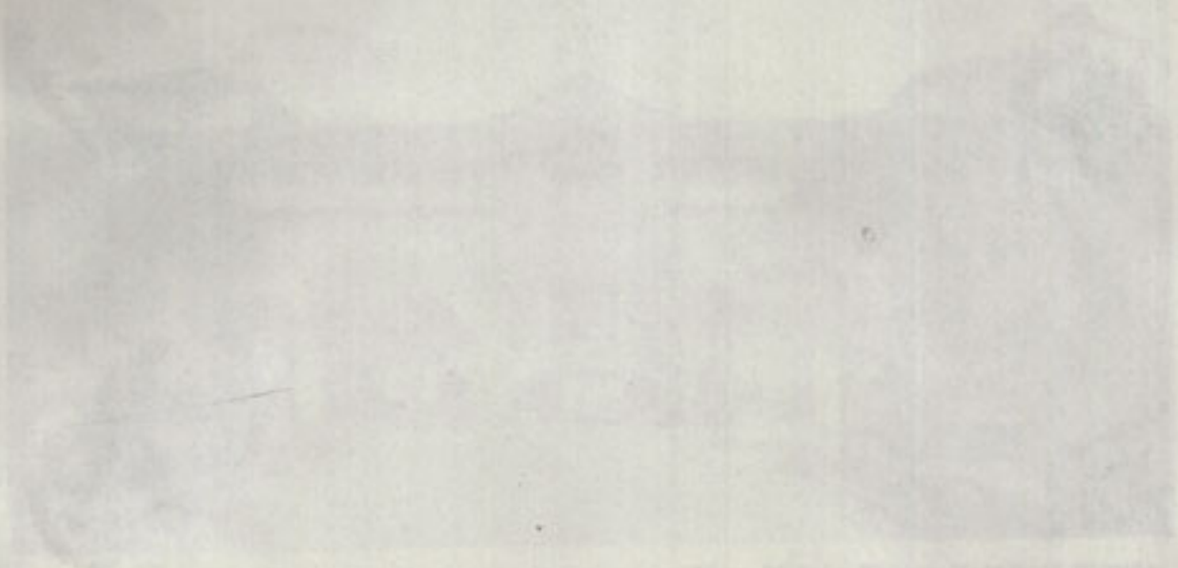
Even John D. Rockefeller has his home facing the Halifax River and not the ocean as one would expect.

We drove about the town for a little while, past the

View of Our Famous Beach, Where All Automobile Speed Records Have Been Made. The Most Wonderful Beach in the World.

Auditorium where forum programs with distinguished speakers are an established custom for Sunday afternoons. At other times noted musicians give programs that are an attractive feature for visitors in the south.

We returnndd to Winter Park over another route - going down the coast to New Smyrna and then over a splendid highway through the truck garden region to Sanford. We cannot get used to seeing celery and lettuce growing in December as in the summer.



Our plans called for a long drive on Monday. Hence we got off to a comparatively early start for Tampa and St. Petersburg. Leaving Winter Park, the"City of Homes", under the arch to Orlando, the "City Beautiful", we drove on to Kissimmee and Haines City as on the previous Saturday.

A WILD CREATURE OF FLORIDA

Through the barren swa mp land before reaching Kissimmee we had a chance to get a shot at a "long-horned steer" who seemed particularly to typify the wild cattle and other animals that are allowed to roam freely in the roads and roadside in so many regions of the south. This fellow was wary of having his picture and stood ready to jump for cover during the process. Because of his

nervous "temperament" and the fact that the sun had not come out we did not expect much of a picture and were pleased to get anything which would serve as a reminder of the lean kine with ribs you could count that were seen all through the south.

From Haines City we turned westward through new country. The citrus groves were conspicuous, naturally, because the road led through Polk County, the first county in the state in the production of citrus fruits. (Orange County in which Winter Park and Orlando are located is second.)

At Lakeland we stopped for a hasty inspection of the city. The business section and streets looked quite progressive.

As we drove on toward Plant City we might well imagine for what the section is noted for we saw acres and acres of strawberries, some in blossom and some red with ripened fruit. The plants do not grow like ours. For some reason or other they are not allowed to spread. The land is naturally more wet than the strawberry land selected by the growers in New York. So the plants are set on little mounds with a deep trench between the rows tp carry away the water.

Since it was the month of December we wanted the experience of actually having fresh strawberries so we hailed a truck carrying a small picking to market and purchased a couple of quarts. Our selection was of # 2 grade but even so, we were amazed at the price, 20¢ a quart.

This section alone ships more winter strawberries to northern markets than any other county in the United States. The crop begins to mature early in December and shipping continues until along in March or April".

It is not a long distance from Plant City to Tampa, famous as a seaport town and for cigar manufacturing. Driving in from the east we were certainly not favorably impressed. The buildings were ill kept and the streets dirty and narrow. The Spanish and Italian element was noticeable in the street signs on the stores and shops.

The city of Tampa depends for its growth and fame to the cigar industry. A Spaniard by the name of Ybor is said to have inaugurated the manufacture of cigars in the city in 1885 when there were less than 800 people there. He with other Spaniards developed the industry until today there are 161 cigar factories in the city and a total output of 483,842,136 cigars annually.

The name of this Spanish manufacturer came to be applied to the part of the city in which the cigar factories and the Spanish colony are centered - Ybor City. Eventhough today Ybor City is within the corporate limits of the city of Tampa the name is still retained to apply to that section of the town. The Spanish influence continues and one who delights to explore the foreign flavor in an American city may pass pleasant hours eating in a Spanish restaurant in Ybor City for the "Latin workman is not happy and will not remain where he is

deprived of his clubs,theaters, coffee shops and social life.

The Spanish "flavor" did not appeal to our stomachs on this day and we paused in Tampa merely to get information as to the high spots and passed on towards St. Petersburg. After we crossed the LaFayette Bridge over the Hillsboro River we enjoyed the streets and residences much more, even though they are not so interesting. We drove around Davis Island and along the Bayshore Boulevard. These sections are wealthy residential sections and one would have to go a long distance to find a more beautiful location,- overlooking Tampa Bay. It was particularly attractive in the middle of the day as we drove along. The sun was shining brightly and the air was balmy.

GANDY BRIDGE OVER BAY OF TAMPA

We crossed an arm of Tampa Bay over the Gandy Bridge, a toll bridge built at a cost of $2,500,000. It is built of concrete throughout and runs about ten feet above tidewater and extends for a distance of nearly four miles.

St. Petersburg, our destination for the day, is famous

for many reasons. In the first place, it is known as the "Sunshine City" because of its annual average of 360 days of sunshine. It is said that the daily paper is given free on every day during which the sun does not shine. At any rate, St. Petersburg, or "St. Pete." as it is often referred to locally, has established such a fine reputation for itself that Northern tourists flock there every winter to escape the cold of the North. It would almost seem that when you hear of a friend who has gone to Florida, the chances are even that his abode still be St. Petersburg.

Consequently, St. Petersburg has become almost a Northern town, at least in the winter. All restaurants, hotels and apartments are prepared to cater to Northern tastes. The streets were crowded with people, all apparently without a thing to do but loaf. The Roque Club, for instance, is a club where tourists may go to play games, read, and sit in the afternoon and the benches outside were

filled with elderly men and women enjoying the warming rays of a tardy sun. (The sun had shone only feebly most of the morning.)

The climate is, no doubt, warmer in winter at St. Petersburg thanfarther inland, since it is tempered by the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. For the same reason the summers on this coast are said to be delightfully cool.

Possibly because of its climate, we had an opportunity to see some vegetation that we had never viewed before. The stately royal palms that grow in southern Florida and the West Indies also grow in St. Petersburg. These palms have a smooth, cement-like trunk and produce a beautiful effect in the rows they form at the side of the streets. Neither had we seen the freakish mangrove trees whose branches send shoots to the earth and make several trunks for the single tree.

Thanks to the kindness of our friends we were escorted through the city so that we were able to see many points of interest in a very short time. We drove through part of the residential district of beautiful homes. From here we rode around Snell's Island, a section of the city arranged with various replicas of Italian sculpture and history. Driving along the bay we circled the new municipal pier where tourists may while away pleasant hours feeding the gulls with bread, fish in the bay, bask in the health-giving rays in the solarium, or bathe in the heated tank adjoining. We did not participate in any

of these amusements. Our limited time allowed us merely to enjoy the ice cream confection "Good Humor" and inspect the giant blimp, the "Mayflower of St. Petersburg" in its hangar. From there we drove past the mysterious pile of oyster shells. "Shell mounds, some of which were used as burying grounds, are the only remaining relics of a race of people of gigantic stature who inhabited Florida before the era of the American Indians. Vague legend tells of a race of 'big cowardly people' who were exterminated by the redskins when they arrived on the scene.... .Bones in the mounds, many of which were destroyed by early settlers for road building before their historiaal significance was realized, reveal that the shell mound builders were far greater in size than the American Indians."

Many have heard of the outdoor post office in St. Petersburg. We were interested in driving past it. The boxes are similar to the lock boxes in any office but here you merely pass from the street directly to your box without the trouble of entering a building. There is a roof to shelter like a porch but in this "City of Sunshine" I suppose it is rarely useful.

The afternoon was well on and we had to be back "home" that night so we bade farewell to our hospitable friends and their hospitable city and drove up the Pennellas Peninsula to Clearwater. The main reason for stopping there was that we might drive out and see if the Gulf of Mexico looked any different from the

CLEARWATER BEACH ON THE
GULF OF MEXICO

Atlantic Ocean at Daytona Beach the day before. We cannot report that any difference appeared to us but we did not regret the side trip and the few minutes delay as we strolled along the shore and picked up shells. There were no bathers,- indeed the wind was quite cool, in spite of Clearwater's slogan "Where it's springtime all the time."

REGISTRY NO. WFLA

**DR. SUN**
LIGHT RAYS BUILDING
CLEARWATER, FLORIDA

OFFICE HOURS: SUNRISE TO SUNSET

Patient's Name U. R. Wise Date Nov. 1st to May 1st

Address Any Cold Wintry Climate

℞
1- Sun Bath at Clearwater Beach - 8:30 to 9:30 A.M.
3- Hours of Golf at the Clearwater Country Club between 10 A.M. and 3 P.M.
1- Hour basking in the sunshine during the Concert in the City Park - 3 P.M. to 4 P.M.
1- Sun Bath at Clearwater Beach - 4 P.M. to 5 P.M.

NOTE: Fishing, Shuffleboard, Swimming, Lawn Bowling, Roque, Tennis, Horse Shoes, Motoring, Boating, or any of the many other sports offered at Clearwater may be substituted for Golf with equally good results.

DIRECTIONS: TAKE AT REGULAR INTERVALS FOR LIFE PRESERVATION.

Dr. Sun M. D.

It might be mentioned that conditions along the Gulf at this point are similar to those at Daytona in that the Gulf proper cannot be seen from the mainland. One has to drive over a long bridge and causeway in order to get to the beach and Gulf.

It was four o'clock in the afternnon when we proceeded again up the peninsuła. Tarpon Springs just beyond Clearwater would be interesting in the spring when the sponge fishing boats are coming in, for Tarpon Springs is the center of America's largest sponge fisheries.

We followed up the coast to a point just below Hudson and thence across "No Man's Land" to Dade City, a distance of over thirty miles. The appellation is not found in guide books but is appended herein to describe the continuous swampy woods that continued with scarcely more interruption than an occasional

crossroad or gas station clear to the inland town of Dade City. The land was more or less developed into farms and orange groves eastward from this point but as it was now dark our impressions of this section can hardly be reliable. The last part of this route had been covered on a previous trip so this was a duplication, anyhow.

No extensive trip was planned for our last day in the south. We spent the time enjoyably with picking and eating more oranges, getting a last glimpse of the streets and gardens of Winter Park, especially at 1034 Aloma Avenue, and in the Brewer Estate. Some of the party picked up some bouncing grape fruit as well as further information regarding the growing of citrus and other fruits from the Superintendent of the Estate. The others of the party made another trip to Orlando to get a few last souvenirs of the city.

OUR LAST GLIMPSE

It was exactly a week from the time we reached Winter Park to Wednesday morning, December 31, 1930, when the return trip began. Following the same route to Palatka we turned eastward to visit St. Augustine.

HIGHWAY NORTH OF WINTER PARK

A short distance east of Palatka we passed through Hastings, the "greatest Irish potato senter in the south". 4500 cars are shipped from this section in March, April, and May. We saw farmers preparing the soil for pàanting as we drove along.

St. Augustine is of historic interest because it is said to be the oldest city in the United States. It wasestablished as a Spanish city and remnants of the Spanish influence remain. The "Oldest House in

OLDEST HOUSE IN AMERICA

the United States" is now a museum to which tourists are admitted upon the payment of an antrance fee. We were content to study the three flags of the three countries under whose sovereignty the house hasstood.

Crossing the Matanzas River by toll bridge to Anastasia Island we visited the Alligator and Ostrich Farm as this would be our only opportunity to view these ugly looking natives of Florida. There are alligators by the thousands ranging in age from a few months to "Old Ponce" who is estimated to be 900 years old. He is exceeded in weight by a 500 year old specimen that weighs 1200 pounds. "Old Ponce" is said to be able to eat seventy-five pounds of meat at once. If that is true,

CONSTITUTION MONUMENT IN PLAZA

THE SLAVE MARKET

BREEDING POOL AT ST. AUGUSTINE ALLIGATOR-OSTRICH FARM

It is difficult to see how the farm can be conducted at any profit even if the demand for alligator skins for pocket books should be keen. It is interesting to watch the brutes and hear the hissing they make when the keeper taps them on the head. Another favorite demonstration staged regularly for visitors is the sending a 'gator down a short slide into a pool of water.

The two or three crocodiles kept on the farm are much more dangerous and are not teased into action for the entertainment of visitors so much. They are very savage and are closely watched with fear by the darky attendants. Pelicans, blue herons, and egrets are also held on the farms and were interesting to us since we had seen some of these wild birds in their natural state earlier on the trip,

Returning to the mainland we passed Fort Marian, the old Fort San Marcos of the Spanish days. It was begun before the end of the 17th century and is built

of coquina, "a native rock quarried on Anastasia Island and brought across the Matanzas to the site of the fort on great lighters or barges by Indian slaves..... The stone is formed of shells, sand and shell fragments, firmly cemented together by action of water percolating the mass and partly dissolving the lime substance of the shell". The stone which is easily quarried hardens on exposure to the sun and air. We had seen pieces of this rock at Daytona Beach two or three days previously.

The City Gates and the Fountain of Youth, the object of Ponce de Leon's quest, are additional evidences of the Spanish days.

The highway between St. Augustine and Jacksonville is worthy of special mention. The roads were excellent for practically the entire trip but this road was, I think, the most perfect of all. It is a part of U. S. Highway # 1 that runs from Maine to Miami. Because it was so wide, so smooth, and so straight, and the traffic so light, possibilities as to speed are unlimited except by the power of the car and the desires of the driver.

We were shortly in Jacksonville where we had lunch. Before eating we checked our road information and found that U. S. Highway # 1 would be a good route to follow northward. The Coastal Highway had been fine in going down but we wanted to widen our scope by another route on the return. Number 1 was recommended as being equally good and we found this information correct.

The afternoon ofthe trip brought us almost immediately out of the swampy coastal plain that had given us such an impression of desolation and uselessness through South Carolina and Georgia.in going down. By mid-afternoon we were among gently rolling hills and partly open country where agriculture is practiced more or less successfully. Cattle, pigs and goats grazed freely along the highway just as on the Coastal Highway but what mattered it if one of them were "bumped off" by an occasional auto. We did not cause any such fatalities but we saw that other cars had.

In the part of Georgia north and west of Waycross the growing of pecans has developed in recent years. These nuts may sometimes be purchased of the grove owners along the way just as peaches may be bought in our section. However, it is more common practice for pecan buyers to take over the entire crop and net themselves as handsome a profit as they are able. The pecan groves we saw appeared to be in a flourishing condition. The trees, we judged, were mostly not more than ten years old. They are set at greater intervals than our fruit trees but the land is tilled in similar fashion.

At Swainsboro, Georgia, we were housed for the night in another enormous southern homestead. The rooms were large and high and were each heated with a big fireplace.

Before noon the next day we reached Columbia, the capital city of South Carolina. Our stop here was for the purpose of being certain of the route up into the Shenandoah Valley which we desired to take. The chosen route was found to be quite passable. We stopped in Camden, South Carolina, for lunch on this day, New Year's, and left U. S. Highway # 1 at that point - turning northward. Near here was our only stretch

THE WAY SOME TRAVEL EVEN IN THE UNITED STATES
VIEW TAKEN NORTH OF CAMDEN, N. C.

of unpaved road - about eighteen miles long. It was good gravel and quite dry as there had been no recent rain, so we very quickly and comfortably negotiated this span to more paved roads through Charlotte and Salisbury to Winston-Salem.

During the latter part of this afternoon we once again saw traces of a snowstorm a week or so before in the pile of snow scraped to the side of the road. The amount increased as we left Winston-Salem for Roanoke the next morning. There was occasionally a bit of snow

in the road beyond Roanoke to Lexington but the surface of the road was not quite so good as on the previous days. The country was enough more interesting, however, to compensate for the poorer road surface. The valley stretching northeastward from a point near Lexington is the far-famed Shenandoah Valley just west of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. In the valley are grown some of the finest grains and fruits in the state. Its beauty, especially in the summer, is worth goingmany miles to see. Even in winter time we were well satisfied that we had decided to return by the Shenandoah.

The valley gradually widens north of Staunton, although it occasionally narrows for a short distance or the highway come close to the base of the mountains on one side or the other.

This valley is also famous for the grandeur and beauty of the various subterranean passages or caverns formed by the dissolving of limestone in the underground waters. Some of us had visited the EndlessCaverns at Newmarket, Virginia, but today we did not pause for a similar trip.

Late in the afternoon we crossed into West Virginia and Maryland, both of which have corners in the rich valleys of the Cumberland and the Shenandoah. We were very favorably impressed with the progressive appearance of the farming land in Maryland. It resembled the best farming lands of our state more than any we had seen in many days.

After dark we drove into Pennsylvania and crossed to the city of Gettysburg for the night.

We breakfasted in the capital city of Harrisburg, and from there followed Route # 11 all the way to Syracuse. The route parallels the Susquehanna River up through Sunbury to Wilkesbarre. From Wilkesbarre we did not see the river for a while but instead there were the Pennsylvania Mountains and the Scranton hard coal region. In fact, from Wilkesbarre to Scranton the road passes through a number of small cities and villages that touch each other. Collieries and elevator shafts are common and a film of dust in the air makes everything look dirty and a storm imminent.

From Scranton we took the Lackawanna Trail to Binghamton, passing through Factoryville, Nicholson, and New Milford. At Nicholson is afforded a splendid view of the viaduct by which the D. L. and W. Railroad crosses from the top of one mountain to another.

The landscape was more familiar as we neared Binghamton and continued through Marathon, Cortland, Tully and to Syracuse. Night had fallen by the time we had reached the latter city but we were practically "home" again, thankful for the ease and comfort of our trip and happy in the memory of the pleasant days in the south.